

THE
COMMITTEE:

OR, THE
FAITHFUL Irishman.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Performed at the THEATRES.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.



L O N D O N
Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

MDCCXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Colonel *Careless*.
Colonel *Blunt*.
Lieutenant *Story*.
Nebemiah Catch,
Joseph Blemish,
Jonathan Headstrong,
Ezekiel Scrape,
Mr. *Day*, the Cairman to the Committee.
Abel, Son to Mr. *Day*.
Obadiab, Clerk to the Committee.
Teague.
Tavern-Boy.
Bailiffs.
Soldiers.
Two Chairmen.
Goal-Keeper,
A Stage-Coachman.
Bookseller.

} Committee-Men.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Arbella*.
Mrs. *Day*.
Mrs. *Ruth*.
Mrs. *Chat*.

SCENE, LONDON.



THE



THE
COMMITTEE:
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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth,
Colonel Blunt, and a Stage-Coachman.*

Mrs. Day enters, brushing her Hoods and Scarves.

Mrs. Day.

NOW out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things
consider'd 'tis better travelling in the Winter;
especially for us of the better Sort, that ride in
Coaches. And yet, to say Truth, warm Weather is
both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities
that fair Weather should do any Hurt.—Well said,
honest Coachman, thou hast done thy Part: My Son
Abel paid for my Place at *Reading*, did he not?

Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something extraordinary to
make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more than ordi-
nary Thinness—Plague on this new Gentry, how li-
beral they are. [*Aside.*] Farewel, young Mistress; fare-
wel, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by *Reading* let
Toby carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*]

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Mrs. *Arbella*? What, sad?
why, what's the matter?

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Arbel. I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my Honour, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so,—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an Eye, that my Son *Abel* means to take care of you in your Composition, and will needs have you his Guest: *Ruth* and you shall be Bedfellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time will wish his Sister's Place; or else his Father ne'er got him: though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it—'tis a notable Fellow.—

Arb. I am fallen into strange Hands, if they prove as busy as her Tongue—— [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. And now you talk of this same *Abel*, I tell you but one Thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's chief Clerk *Obadiab* is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my Son *Abel* has been here two Hours before us: 'Tis the veriest Princ Cox; he will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full One-and-twenty, for all his Appearances: He never stole this Trick of galloping; his Father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: He and *Mrs. Busie's* Husband were counted the best Horsemen in *Reading*, ay and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind *Mr. Busie*, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach; my own is at present in Disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour *Mr. Day*, Chairman of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations, shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage Coach, he wou'd make the House too hot for some.—Why, how is't with you, Sir? What, weary of your Journey? [*To the Col.*]

Col. Bl. Her Tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*]—So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach, has a little distemper'd me with Heat.

Mrs. Day. So many, Sir? why there were but six—What wou'd you say if I shou'd tell you, that I was one of the Eleven that travell'd at one Time in one Coach?

Col.

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Col. *Bl.* O the Devil! I have given her a new Theme—— [Aside.]

Mrs. *Day.* Why, I tell you——can you guess how 'twas?

Col. *Bl.* Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. *Day.* Look you, thus it was; there was in the first Place, myself, and, my Husband, I shou'd have said first, but his Honour wou'd have pardon'd me, if he had heard me; Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife: the Mayor of *Reading*, and his Wife; and this *Ruth* that you see there in one of our Laps—but now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. *Bl.* A top o'th' Coach sure.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess—why—wou'd you think it; I had two growing in my Belly, Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of *Reading* a chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards in hers; as like the Father as if it had been spit out of his Mouth, and if he had come out of his Mouth, he had come out of as honest a Man's Mouth as any in forty Miles of the Head of him: For wou'd you think it, at the very same Time when this same *Ruth* was sick, it being the first Time the Girl was ever coach'd, the good Man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in.—

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

——O, are you come! long look'd for comes at last. Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found Attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Obad. I ask your Honour's Pardon; for I do profess unto your Ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young Honour, Mr. *Abel*, demurr'd me by his Delays.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not, guess your Business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my Eye; read her and take her: Ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my Care, forsooth.

Mrs. *Day.* Will you never leave your Forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the Clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding than his Master's Son?

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Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some Business for your more private Ear.

Mr. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable Condition has that Gentleman been in! 'faith I pity him.

Arbel. Are you so apt to pity Men?

Ruth. Yes, Men that are humourfom, as I would Children that are froward; I would not make them cry a purpose.

Arbel. Well, I like his Humour, I dare fware he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all Conscience; 'faith I'll speak to him.

Arbel. Nay, pr'ythee don't. he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an Ass.——How is't after your Journey, Sir?

C. Bl. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir?

C. Bl. No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.

Ruth. I shou'd be loth to interrupt your Meditations, Sir: We may have the Fruits hereafter.

C. Bl. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my Teeth.—This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike. [*Aside.*

Arbel. Pr'ythee Peace:——Sir, we wish you all Happiness.

C. Bl. And Quiet, good sweet Ladies——I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good Opinion. If 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one Woman.

Mrs. Day. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you, *Abel* has done it; say no more; take her by the Hand, *Arbel.* I profess, she may venture to take thee for better, for worse: Come, Mrs. the honourable Committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir. [*Exe. all but C. Blunt.*

C. Bl. How, the Committee ready to sit! Plague on their Honours, for so my honour'd Lady, that was one of the Eleven was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a Day after the Fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been Rascals. Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Solicitor: I'll find the arrantest Rogue I can too; For, according to the old Saying, Set a Thief to catch a Thief. *Enter*

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Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant.

C. *Car.* Dear *Blunt*, well met; when came you, Man?

C. *Bl.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant. I am landed just now, Man.

C. *Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou hadst been at Sea.

C. *Bl.* It's pretty well guest; I have been in a Storm.

C. *Car.* What Business brought thee?

C. *Bl.* May be the same with yours: I am come to compound with their Honours.

C. *Car.* That's my Business too; why the Committee sits suddenly.

C. *Bl.* Yes, I know it; I heard so in the Storm I told thee of.

C. *Car.* What Storm, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, a Tempest, as high as ever blew from Woman's Breath: I have rode in a Stage-Coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a Committee-man's Wife; his Name is *Day*: And she accordingly will be call'd, Your Honour, and Your Ladyship; with a Tongue that wags as much faster than all other Womens, as in the several Motions of a Watch, the Hand of the Minute moves faster than that of the Hour. There was her Daughter too; but a Bastard without question; for she had no Resemblance to the rest of the notch'd Rascals; and very pretty, and had Wit enough to jeer a Man in Prosperity to Death.—There was another Gentlewoman, and she was handsome, nay very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee how, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good Words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

C. *Car.* Thou wer't not so mad?

C. *Bl.* I had been mad, if I had not—But, when we came to our Journey's End, there met us two such formal and stately Rascals, that yet pretended Religion and open Rebellion ever painted. They were the Hopes and Guide of the honourable Family, *viz.* The eldest Son, and the chiefest Clerk, Rogues—and hereby hangs a Tale.—This Gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil. by

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desiring her to say nothing, is a rich Heiress of one that died in the King's Service, and left his Estate under Sequestration. This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest Rascal.

C. Car. What a dull Fellow wert thou, not to make Love, and rescue her?

C. Bl. I'll wooe no Woman.

C. Car. Wou'dst thou have them court thee? A Soldier, and not love a Siege—How now, who art thou?

Enter Teague.

Teg. A poor Irishman, and Christ save me, and save you all; I pr'ythee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

C. Car. Six-pence, I see thou wou'dst not lose any thing for want of asking. Here, I am pretty near, there's a Groat for thy Confidence.

Teg. By my troth it is too little.

C. Car. Troth, like enough: how long hast thou been in England?

Teg. Ever since I came hither, i'faith.

C. Car. That's true; what hast thou done since thou cam'st into England?

Teg. Serv'd God and St. *Patrick*, and my good sweet King, and my good sweet Master; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what dost thou now?

Teg. Cry for them every Day, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy Master?

Teg. He's dead Mastero, and left poor *Teg*: upon my Soul, he never serv'd poor *Teg* so before.

C. Car. Who was thy Master?

Teg. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble Friend.

Teg. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teg*'s too, i'faith now.

C. Car. What dost thou mean to do?

Teg. I will get a good Master, if any good Master wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my Soul, that I cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly's*; he lives at that House, at the end of another House, by the May-pole-house; and tells every body by one Star, and t'other Star, what good Luck they shall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teg*.

C. Car.

C. Car. Why, Man?

Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars; and he told me there were no Stars for *Irishmen*: I told him he told two or three Lyes upon my Soul; There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too; that there are; and if a good Master cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see if the Stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back i'faith, and beat his Pate, if he will not then tell me some good Luck, and some Stars.

C. Car. Poor Fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest:——Hast thou any Trade?

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an *Irishman* a Trade! an *Irishman* scorns a Trade, that he does; I will run for thee forty Miles; but I scorn to have a Trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple Fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any miserable that can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, Teg, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why I will say thou wilt do very well then.

C. Car. Thy Master was my dear Friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my Soul that I was, and I did howl over him, and I ask'd why he would leave poor Teg; and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet Face, 'till the Rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked 'till I got this Mantle, that I was: I have never any Victuals neither, but a little Snuff.

C. Car. Come thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy Master.

Teg. That I will 'faith, if thou wouldst be good to poor Teg.

C. Car. Now to our Business, for I came but last Night myself; and the Lieutenant and I were just going to seek a Solicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all: what say you, Lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a Heifer of their own.

C. Car. Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why didst not thou begin with the Committee-man's cow?

C. Bl.

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C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting Dose to be swallow'd first; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, What is that Covenant? by my Soul I will take it for my new Master, if I cou'd that I wou'd.

C. Car. Thank thee, *Teg*—A Covenant, sayest thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?—

C. Car. We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no Land then.

C. Bl. Then farewell Acres, and may the Dirt choke them.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s Equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a Fellow that can teach one this cheap Diet of Snuff.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, we must lose no more Time; I'll carry you to my poor House, where you shall lodge: for know, I am married to a most illustrious Person, that had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Pr'ythee, how didst thou light upon this good Fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are Stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you shall have my Story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

C. Car. Come, *Teg*; however I have a suit of Clothes for thee; thou shalt lay by thy Blanket for some time: It may be thee and I may be reduc'd together to thy Country Fashion.

Teg. Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee then into my Country too.

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself. [Exit.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mr. Day. Welcome, sweet Duck; I profess thou hast brought home good Company indeed; Money and Money's worth; if we can but now make sure of this Heiress *Mrs. Arbella*, for our Son *Abel*.

Mrs. Day. If we can? you are ever at your lfs, you're afraid

afraid of your own Shadow; I can tell you one If more; that is, If I did not bear you up, your Heart wou'd be down in your Breeches at every turn: Well,—if I were gone,——there's another If for you.

Mr. Day. I profess thou sayest true, I shou'd not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good Counsel for many a good thing; we had never got *Ruth* nor her Estate into our Fingers else.

Mrs. Day. Nay, in that Business too you were at your Ifs; Now you see she goes currently for our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be our Daughter too, or she shall have no Estate.

Mr. Day. If we cou'd but do that, Wife!

Mrs. Day. Yet again at your Ifs?

Mr. Day. I have done, I have done; to your Counsel, good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. Day. You may well enough, you find the sweet on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you relie upon it: In truth, they are ready to call me Committee-man: They will perceive the Weight that lies upon me, Husband.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Duck, no chiding now, but to your Counsel.

Mrs. Day. In the first place (observe how I lay a Design in Politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me a Letter from the King, where he shall offer you great Matters, to serve him and his Interest underhand. Very good: and in it let him remember his kind Love and Service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody: Then promise them, if they'll be true Friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great Offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the Composition of *Arbella's* Estate into your own Power, upon your Design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. Day. Excellent.

Mrs. Day. Mark the luck on't too, their Names sound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a Providence.

Mr. Day. Thou observest right, Duck, thou canst see as far into a Millstone as another.

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Mrs. Day. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the Concatenation of my Discourse: then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable Fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That Language is understood amongst you. I take it, ha!

Mr. Day. Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. Day. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do; by this means get her Composition put wholly into your Hands, and then no *Abel*, no Land.—But—in the mean time I would have *Abel* do his Part too.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay; there's a Want; I found it.

Mrs. Day. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. Day. Why, that's true, Duck; he is too backward; if I were in his Place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. Day. O you'd do wonders! But now I think on't, there may be some use made of *Ruth*, 'tis a notable witty Harlotry.

Mr. Day. Ay, and so she is, Duck; I always thought so.

Mrs. Day. You always think so, when I have thought on't first.—Let me see.—it shall be so; we'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place; and then to incline *Arabella*; they are Hand and Glove; and Women can do much with one another.

Mr. Day. Thou hast hit upon my own Thoughts—

Mrs. Day. Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

Mr. Day. I will, Duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your Pleasure, Sir.

Mr. Day. Nay, 'tis my Wife's Desire, that—

Mrs. Day. Well, if it be your Wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a Business that may not be the worse for you; you know I use but few Words.

Ruth. What does she call a few?— [Aside.

Mrs. Day. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and
to

to the matter, my Husband and I do design this Mrs. *Arbella* for our Son *Abel*, and the young Fellow is not forward enough, you conceive: Pr'ythee give him a little Instruction how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call Address, to her; then work on *Arbella* on the other side; work, I say, my good Girl; no more, but so: You know my Custom is to use but few Words. Much may be said in a little! you shan't repent it.

Mr. *Day*. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. *Day*. What need you? do you not see it all said already to your Hand? What sayest thou, Girl?

Ruth. I shall do my best—I wou'd not lose the Sport for more than I'll speak of— [Aside.]

Mrs. *Day*. Go call *Abel*, good Girl. [Exit *Ruth*.] By bringing this to pass, Husband, we shall secure ourselves if the King shou'd come; you'll be hanged else.

Mr. *Day*. Oh good Wife, let's secure ourselves by all means: there's a wise Saying, 'tis good to have a Shelter against every Storm. I remember that.

Mr. *Day*. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

Enter Ruth with Abel.

Mr. *Day*. O Son *Abel*, d'ye hear—

Mrs. *Day*. Pray hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own Tale.—D'ye hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you; a Word's enough to the wise, some Endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your Sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her Directions, as you'll answer the contrary. Ha, Boy, hadst thou but thy Mother's Pate! Well, 'tis but a Folly to talk of what cannot be; be sure you follow your Sister's Directions.

Mr. *Day*. Be sure, Boy.—Well said, Duck, I say. Put it home to her. [Exit.]

Manent Ruth and Abel.

Ruth. Now, Brother *Abel*.

Abel. Now, Sister *Ruth*.

Ruth.

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Ruth. Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.* Have you a Month's mind to this Gentlewoman, Mistress *Arbella*?

Abel. I have not known her a Week yet.

Ruth. O, cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel*. Well, to begin then, you must alter your Posture, and by your grave and high Demeanour make yourself appear a Hole above *Obadiab*, lest your Mistress should take you for such another Scribble scrabble as he is; and always hold up your Head as if it were bolster'd up with high Matters, your Hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your Body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Must I go apace, or softly?

Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty Considerations—so—Very well. Now to apply our Prescription: Suppose now that I were your Mistress *Arbella*, and met you by Accident; keep your Posture—so,—and when you come just to me, start like a Horse that has spy'd something on one side of him, and give a little Gird out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you did not see her before by reason of your deep Contemplations: Then you must speak; let's hear.

Abel. 'Save you, Mistress.

Ruth. O fy, Man, you should begin thus: Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so buried, that I did not see you;—and then, as she answers, proceed. I know what she'll say, I'm so us'd to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Ruth. Better Sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you're perfect: Then she will answer, Sir, I suppose you are so busied with State-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No forsooth, I have some profound Contemplations, but no State-Affairs.

Ruth. O fy, Man, you must confess that the weighty
Affairs

Affairs of State lie heavy upon you ; but 'tis a Burden you must bear : And then shrug your Shoulders.

Abel. Must I say so ? I am afraid my Mother will be angry ; for she takes all the State-matters upon herself.

Ruth. Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me ? Why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with Parliament-men, and Committee-men ; how should she hope for any good by you else in her Composition ?

Abel. I apprehend you now : I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well ; at this time I'll say no more : Put yourself in your Posture—so :—Now go look your Mistress : I'll warrant you the Town's our own.

Abel. I go.

[*Exit Abel.*]

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off 'till he discharges on his Mistress. I could burst with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What dost thou laugh at, *Ruth* ?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my Brother *Abel* ?

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right, he had play'd at hard-head with thee.

Arb. What dost thou mean ?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to wooe, by command of my Superiors ; and have instructed him to hold up his Head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to wooe ?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet Self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted : I'll not spoil the Sport by telling thee any thing beforehand. They have sent to *Lilly* ; and his Learning being built upon knowing what most People would have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich Heiress ; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be ?

Ruth. Yes, Committee-men can compel, more than Stars.

Arb. I fear this too late. You are their Daughter, *Ruth.*

Ruth.

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Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How?

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your Confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect——When my Father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young. 'Tis too long to tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee, catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heiress unto my Father, into his Gripes: I fear they have Designs as bad as this on you: You see I have no Reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your Friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much Clearness: Let us love and assist one another——Would they marry me to this their first-born Puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your Composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill Fortune to fall into such Hands, foolishly inticed by fair Words and large Promises of Assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your Company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the Parlour: The Committee being ready to sit, calls upon my Care and Circumspection to set in order the weighty Matters of State, for their wise and honourable Inspection. [Exit.

Ruth. We come. Come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd; chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the Weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time thou shalt know all Particulars of my strange Story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our Humours; they shall be free still.

Exeunt.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Teague.

Teg. I'Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a Rascal now, that he has; I will go tell him so too: He ask'd me why he could not send one that could speak *English*. Upon my Soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* Knock. The Devil's in them all; they will not talk with me; I will go near to knock this Man's Pate, and that Man *Lilly's* Pate too,—that I will: I will make them prate to me, that I will. [*One cries Books within.*] How now, what Noises are that?—

Enter Bookseller.

Booksel. New Books, new Books: A desperate Plot and Engagement of the bloody Cavaliers: Mr. *Saltmarsh's* Alarum to the Nation, after having been three Days dead: *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? Now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three Days!

Booksel. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the Weekly Post; or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say? Is it the Covenant, _have you that?

Booksel. Yes; what then, Sir?

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Booksel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well: I must take that Covenant.

Booksel. You take my Commodities!

Teg. I must take that Covenant, upon my Soul now, that I must.

Booksel. Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you further.

Teg. Well, upon my Soul now, I will take that Covenant for my Master.

Booksel. Your Master must pay me for't then.

Teg. I'faith now, they will make him pay for't, after I have taken it for him.

Booksel. What a devil does the Fellow mean?

Teg. You will make me stay too long, that you will;
look

look you now, I will knock you down upon the Ground, if you will not let me take it.

Bookjel. Stand off, Sirrah.

Teg. I'faith I will take it now.

[He throws the Fellow down, and takes away the Paper, and runs out.]

Bookjel. What a devil ails this Fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two Pennyworth of lamentable Ware away; but I feel the Rascal's Fingers. I may light upon my wild *Irishman* again; and if I do, I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall be worse than his own Country Bogs. *[Exit.]*

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels? how and how d'ye like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illustrious, from those illustrious Commodities which she deals in, hot Water and Tobacco.

C. Car. Pr'ythee how cam'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other Men prompted me to Matrimony, Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

C. Car. Which you destroy'd with a fat Woman, strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little; but the rest could not be purchas'd without.

C. Car. See where *Teg* comes: Goodness, how he smiles. Why so merry, *Teg*?

Enter Teague smiling.

Teg. I have done one Thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

C. Car. What hast thou done, Man?

Teg. I have taken the Covenant for thee, that I have, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Where hadst it thou?

Teg. Hadst it thou! I threw a Fellow down, that I did, and took it away for thy sweet sake. Here it is now.

C. Car. Was there ever such a Fancy! Why, didst thou think this was the way to take the Covenant?

Teg. Ay, upon my Soul, that it is. Look you there now, have I not taken it? Is not this the Covenant? Tell me that then I pr'ythee.

C. Bl.

The Faithful I R I S H M A N. 21

C. Bl. I am pleased yet with the poor Fellow's mistaken Kindness : I dare warrant him honest to the best of his Understanding.

C. Car. This Fellow I prophesy will bring me into many Troubles by his Mistakes : Yet his simple Honesty prevails with me ; I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, Time calls—How now, who's this ?

Enter Obadiah, with four Persons more with Papers.

C. Car. I am a Rogue if I have not seen a Picture in Hangings walk as fast.

C. Bl. 'Slife, Man, this is that good Man of the Committee Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk : how the Rogue's loaded with Papers !——Those are the Winding-sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Estate. 'Twere a good Deed to burn them all.

C. Car. Why, thou art not mad, art !——Well met, Sir ; pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations ?

Obad. I do belong to that honourable Committee, who are now ready to fit for the bringing on the Work.

C. Bl. O Plague ! What Work, Ras——

C. Car. Pr'ythee be quiet, Man.——Are they to fit presently ?

Obad. As soon as I can get ready, my Presence being material. [Exit.

C. Car. What, wert thou mad ? Wouldst thou have beaten the Clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the Rascals his Masters ?

C. Bl. The Sight of any of the Villains stirs me.

Lieu. Come, Colonels, there's no trifling ; let's make haste, and prepare your Business, let's not lose this Sitting ; come along. *Teg.* [Exeunt.

Enter Arbella at one Door, Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.

Arb. What's the meaning of this ! I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Arb.

22 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Arb. This is a set Form——They allow it in every thing but their Prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arb. What should I say, Sir?

Abel. What you please, forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter Ruth, as over-bearing them, and peeps.

Abel. No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, Sir, would your Mother be angry if you should?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary,—I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty Affairs lie heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders. *[Sbrugs.*

Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels—This is a notable Wench; look where the Rascal peeps too: If I should beckon to her, she'd take no notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. *[Aside.*

Abel. Something I can do, and that with some Body; that is, with those that are some Bodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, *[Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her Head.]* Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful Girl!

Abel. I know Parliament-men and Sequestrators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great Acquaintance, Sir.

Abel. Yes, they ask my Opinion sometimes.

Arb. What Weather 'twill be? have you any Skill, Sir?

Abel. When the Weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time——No Mercy, Wench?

Abel. Our profound Contemplations are caused by the Conspiration of our Spirits for the Nation's Good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a Deliverance——Hark ye, *Ruth*, take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed.

Ruth. I dare not; my Mother will be angry.

Arb. O hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some Power, if you please to——

Arb. O I am pleas'd, Sir, that you should have Power!

I must look out my Hoods and Scarves, Sir, 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty Matters of State which lie upon my Shoulders, myself would look them.

Arb. O by no means, Sir; 'tis below your Greatness;—Some Luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Why how now, *Abel*! got so close to *Mrs. Arbella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: Well, *Mr. Abel*, you have been so us'd to Secrecy in Council and weighty Matters, that you have it at your Fingers ends: Nay, look ye, *Mistress*, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel's* Eyes: Ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good Girl; I find *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, 'till I saw your Honour first enter; but I have over-heard all.

Mrs. Day. And how has *Abel* behav'd himself. Wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond Expectation; he'll not need much teaching: You may turn him loose.

Mrs. Day. Say'st thou so, Girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new Gown, or so: It may be a better Penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy Mother's at last:—But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, *Mistress*, you are crafty; you have made your Composition beforehand. Ah, this *Abel's* as bad as a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me; come, make haste; call the Coach. *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say. [*Exe. Mrs. Day and Abel.*]

A Table set out.

Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah ordering Books and Papers.

Obad. Shall I read your Honour's last Order, and give you the Account of what you last debated?

Mr. Day. I first crave your Favours to communicate an important matter to this honourable Board, in which I shall discover unto you my own Sincerity and Zeal to the good Cause. *Com.* Proceed, Sir.

Mr. Day. The Business is contain'd in this Letter, 'tis from no less a Man than the King; and 'tis to me, as
simple

24 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

simple as I sit here : Is it your Pleasures that our Clerk should read it.

2 Com. Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. [Reads] *Mr. Day, We have received good Intelligence of your great Worth and Ability, especially in State-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any Preferment, or Honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my intire Friend. Pray remember my Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her with this; whose Wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wife Consideration, I remain,* Your Friend, C. K.

2 Com. C. K.

Mr. Day. Ay, that's Charles, King.

2 Com. I suspect. [Aside] Who brought you this Letter?

Mr. Day. Oh fy upon't, my Wife forgot that Particular. [Aside.]—Why a Fellow left it for me, and shrunk away, when he had done : I warrant you, he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold on him. You see, Brethren, what I reject ; but I doubt not but to receive my Reward : and I have now a Business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an Occasion.

2 Com. This Letter was counterfeited certainly. [Aside.]

Mr. Day. But first be pleas'd to read your last Order.

2 Com. What does he mean? that concerns me. [Aside.]

Obad. The Order is, that the Composition arising out of Mr. *Lastley's* Estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. *Nathaniel Catch*, for and in respect of his Sufferings, and good Service.

Mr. Day. It is meet, very meet : we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the Day of Trouble, when the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise Commotions in the Land, and disturb our new-built *Zion*.

2 Com. Then I'll say nothing, but close with him : we must wink at one another.—I receive your Sense of my Services with a zealous Kindness. Now, Mr. Day, I pray you propose your Business.

Mr. Day. I desire this honourable Board to understand, that my Wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the Stage coach ; it happened that one Mrs. *Arbella*, a rich Heiress of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in the

the same Coach. Her Father being newly dead, and her Estate before being under Sequestration : my Wife, who has a notable Pate of her own, (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my House; where, though time was but short, yet my Son made use of it. They are without, I suppose, together with the Gentlewoman that is to compound : she will needs have a Finger in the Pye.

3 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. *Day.* We may not neglect the public for private Respects. I hope, Brethren, that you will please to cast the Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2. 3. *Com.* You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day*. Call in the Compounders.

Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth; and after them the Colonels, and Teg; they give the Doorkeeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. *Day.* Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this Gentlewoman.

2 *Com.* We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any Occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day.* I thank your Honours, I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. *Day.* Come on, Son *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honours, full of profound Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arbel. 'Slife, he's at his Lesson, Wench.

Ruth. Peace—Which Whelp opens next? O, the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. *Day.* May it please your Honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my Son *Abel* has settled his Affections on this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours Favour to be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *Com.* Say you so, Mrs. *Day*? why the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious Consideration; together with Mr. *Day*'s good Service, upon some Knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

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Mrs. Day. That was the Letter I invented. [*Aside.*

2 Com. And the Composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd to *Mr. Day*, that is, I suppose, to *Mr. Abel*, and so consequently to the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, *Mistress*, for such good Fortune; your Estate's discharg'd: *Mr. Day* shall have the Discharge.

C. Bl. O damn the Vultures.

C. Car. Peace, Man.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent, I desire to know my public Censure, not to be left in private Hands.

2 Com. Be contented, Gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfy *Mr. Abel*; you may, if you please, be *Mrs. Day*.

Ruth. And then good Night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How, Gentlemen! are you private Marriage Jobbers? d'ye make Markets for one another?

2 Com. How's this, Gentlewoman?

C. Bl. A brave noble Creature!

C. Car. Thou art smitten, *Blunt*; that other Female too methinks shoots Fire this way.

Mrs. Day. I desire your Honours to pardon her incessant Words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 Com. Gentlewoman, the Committee for *Mrs. Day's* Sake passes by your Expressions; you may spare your pains, you have the Committee's Resolution, you may be your own Enemy if you will.

Arb. My own Enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee Peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways.

2 Com. Come on, Gentlemen; what's your case?

Ruth. Arbella, there's the downright Cavalier that came up in the Coach with us.—On my Life, there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

[*While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out, and deliver 'em.*

C. Car. Our Business is to compound for our Estates;
of

of which here are the Particulars, which will agree with your own Survey.

Obad. The Particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, the Rule is two Years Purchase, the first Payment down, the other at six Months end, and the Estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper?]

2 Com. 'Tis our Rule.

C. Car. Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful Debts.

2 Com. But, Gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the Covenant: you have not taken it yet, have you? *C. Car.* No.

Teg. Upon my Soul but he has now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, that he has.

Ruth. What Sport are we now like to have?

2 Com. What Fellow's that?

C. Car. A poor simple Fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teg.*

Teg. Let them not prate so then.

2 Com. Well, Gentlemen, it remains whether you'll take the Covenant?

C. Car. No, we will not take it: much good may it do them that have Swallows large enough; 'twill work one Day in their Stomachs.

C. Bl. The Day may come, when those that suffer for their Consciences and Honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, you make an Idol of that Honour.

C. Bl. Your Worships then are different, you make that your Idol which brings you Interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave Gentlemen!

Ruth. I stare at 'em 'till my Eyes ake.

2 Com. Gentlemen, you are Men of dangerous Spirits: know we must keep our Rules and Instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our Hands.

C. Car. Providence! such as Thieves rob by.

2 Com. What's that? Sir? Sir, you are too bold.

C. Car. Why in good sooth you may give Losers leave to speak: I hope your Honours, out of your Bowels of Compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing Acres.

28 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Mr. Day. It is well you are so merry.

C. Car. O, ever whilst you live, clear Souls make light Hearts: Faith, wou'd I might ask one Question?

2 Com. Swear not then.

C. Car. Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbour's Goods; there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*: My Question is only, which of all you is to have our Estates; or will you make Traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 Com. You grow abusive.

C. Bl. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable Persons that will be pleased to be our Housekeepers, to keep them in good Reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the Covenant.

2 Com. You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.

C. Car. We will be as rotten first as their Hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have these two Men; there are not two such again to be had for Love nor Money.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, your Follies light upon your own Heads; we have no more to say.

C. Car. Why then hoist Sails for a new World:—
D'ye hear, *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that?

C. Bl. 'Tis their witty Daughter I told thee of.

C. Car. I'll go speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty Covenantanter.

C. Bl. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

C. Car. Lady, I hope you'll have that good Fortune not to be troubled with the Covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. Bl. Brave Lady! I must love her against my Will.—

C. Car. For you, pretty One, I hope your Portion will be enlarged by our Misfortunes: remember your Benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your Estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

C. Car. Without taking the Covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

C. Car. Upon your Lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. Bl. Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

C. Car.

C. *Car.* Now have I forgot every thing.

C. *Bl.* Come, let's go.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, void the Room.

C. *Car.* Sure 'tis impossible that Kite should get that pretty Merlin.

C. *Bl.* Come, pr'ythee let's go, these Muck-worms will have Earth enough to stop their Mouths with one Day.

C. *Car.* Pray use our Estates husband like, and so our most honourable Bailiffs, farewell.

Mr. *Day.* You are rude : Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Keep. Come forth, ye there; this is not a Place for such as you.

Teg. Ye are a Rascal, that you are now.

Keep. And please your Honours, this profane *Irishman* swore an Oath at the Door, even now, when I wou'd have put him out. 2 *Com.* Let him pay for't.

Keep. Here you must pay, or lie by the Heels.

Teg. What must I pay, by the Heels? I will not pay by the Heels, that I will not, upon my Soul.

C. *Car.* Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet. [*Ex.*

Teg. Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not; what if I had curs'd thee?

Keep. That had been Six-pence.

Teg. Upon my Soul now I have but one Six-pence, that I have not : Here, though, I will give it thee for a Curse; there, Mr. Committee, now there is Six-pence for the Curse before-hand, Mr. Committee, and Plague take you all. [*Runs out.*

Mrs. *Day.* Has this Honourable Board any other Command?

2 *Com.* Nothing farther, good Mrs. *Day.*—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for; but be grateful and kind to Mr. *Abel.*

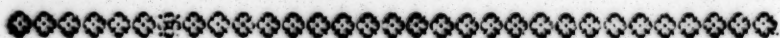
Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

Mrs. *Day.* The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the Good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. *Day.* I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their Order, and they must now be private.

2 Com. Nay, pray, Mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] So, Brethren, we have finish'd this Day's Work; and let us always keep the Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking Hand in Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

Mr. Day. I think there remaineth nothing farther,
but to adjourn 'till *Monday* two of the Clock; and so
Peace remain with you. [Exeunt.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Lieu. **B**Y my Faith, a sad Story ; I did apprehend this Covenant wou'd be the Trap.

C. Car. Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants: No Stoppage about their Throats; the Rascals are all Swallow. But nothing angered me but that my old Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance look'd another way, and seem'd not to know me.

C. Bl. How Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance!

C. Car. Yes, Mrs. Day, that commanded the Party in the Stage-coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in Time of Yore called *Gillian*.

Enter Teg.

How now, *Teg*; What says the Learned?

Teg. Well then, upon my Soul, the Man in the great Cloke, with the long Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. Car. Mad, Teg!

Fig. Yes if faith is he; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent to mock him.

C. Car. Why, what didst thou say to him?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counsel.

C. Car. 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'ft him. Why, thou shouldft have ask'd him when we might have come for Counsel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any Counfel, or you wou'd take any Counfel, is not that all one then?

C. Car.

C. Car. Was there ever such a Mistake?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee ne'er be troubled at this; we are past Counsel: If we had but a Friend amongst them, that cou'd but slide us by this **Covenant**.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated Kitchen-maid?

Teg. Well, how's that? a Kitchen-maid? where is she now?

C. Bl. The Lieutenant advises well.

C. Car. Nay, stay, stay, in the first place I'll send *Teg* to her, to tell her I have a little Business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. Bl. We shall have *Teg* mistake again.

Teg. How is that now? I will not mistake that Kitchen-maid: Whither must I go now, to mistake that Kitchen-maid?

C. Car. But d'ye hear, *Teg*? you must take no notice of that, upon my Life; but on the contrary, at every Word you must say, Your Ladyship, and your Honour; as for example, when you have made a Leg, you must begin thus; My Master presents his Service to your Ladyship, and having some Business with your Honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your Ladyship.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was she your Father's Kitchen-maid? *C. Car.* Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Soul I shall laugh upon her Face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

C. Car. Not for a hundred pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to set your Countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teg. If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or any thing that will put a Mind into my Head of a Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. Car. Not for a thousand pounds, *Teg*; thou mayst undo us all.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my Mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one Side and t'other Side. Well now, where does this *Mrs. Tay* live?

32 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Lieu. Come, *Teg*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the House, that thou mayst not mistake that how-ever.

C. Car. Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant. [*Exeunt Lieutenant and Teg.*] Now, *Blunt*, have I another Design.

C. Blunt. What further Design canst thou have?

C. Car. Why by this means I may chance see these Women again, and get into their Acquaintance.

C. Bl. With both, Man?

C. Car. 'Slife thou art jealous; dost love either of 'em?

C. Bl. Nay, I can't tell; all is not as 'twas.

C. Car. Like a Man that is not well, and yet knows not what ails him.

C. Bl. Thou art something nearer the matter; but I'll cure myself with considering, that no Woman can ever care for me.

C. Car. And why, pr'ythee?

C. Bl. Because I can say nothing to them.

C. Car. The less thou canst say, they'll like thee the better; she'll think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy Tongue: Besides, Man, a Woman can't abide any thing in the House should talk but she and her Parrot. What, is it the Cavalier Girl thou lik'st?

C. Bl. Canst thou love any of the other Breed?

C. Car. Not honestly—yet I confess that ill-begotten pretty Rascal never look'd towards me, but she scatter'd Sparks as fast as kindling Charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest Flame: Come, *Blunt*, when *Teg* comes, we will resolve on something. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Day and Abel.

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. Day. Well, *Mrs. Arbella*, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much Consideration for your own Good; you may have your Estate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.—*Abel*, tell her your mind, ne'er stand, shall I, shall I—*Ruth*, does she incline, or is she wilful?

Ruth. I was just about the Point when your Honour interrupted us.—One Word in your Ladyship's Ear.

Abel. You see, forsooth, that I am some Body, though
you

you make nobody of me ; you see I can prevail ; therefore pray say what I must trust to ; for I must not stand, shall I, shall I ?

Arb. You are hasty, Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important Affairs ; and therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that it lies upon my Spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-poffet-drink is very good against the Heaviness of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my Meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, Sir ; and 'tis no matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, who are all you ?

Arb. What's here, an *Irish* Elder come to examine us all ?

Teg. Well now, What is your Names, every one ?

Ruth. *Arbella*, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels upon my Life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the Covenant, the right way.

Arb. Peace, what shou'd it mean ?

Teg. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing ?

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Sauce-box ? what wou'd you have ? What, have you left your Manners without ? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teg. What shou'd I fetch now ?

Mrs. Day. D'you know who you speak to, Sirrah ?

Teg. Well, what are you then ? upon my Soul, in my own Country they can tell who I am.

Abel. You must not be so saucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be saucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous !

Teg. Is there none of you that I must speak to now ?

Arb. Now, Wench, if he shou'd be sent to us. [*Aside.*]

Teg. Well, I wou'd have one *Mrs. Tay* speak unto me.

Mrs. Day. Well, Sirrah, I am she: what's your Business ?

Teg. O so then, are you *Mrs. Tay* ? Well, I will look well first, and I will set my Face in some Worship ; yes indeed.

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indeed that I will; and I will tell her then what I will speak to her.

Ruth. How the Fellow begins to mould himself?

Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, i'faith: My Master, the good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladyship — upon my Soul now the Laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladyship or Honour.*]

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah; what, were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be.

[*Aside.*]

Teg. I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Honour, — I cannot help my Laugh now, I will try again now; I will not think of a Kitchen then: — My Matter wou'd know of your Ladyship —

Mrs. Day. Did your Master send you to abuse me, you Rascal? By my Honour, Sirrah —

Teg. Why dost thou mock thyself now, Joy?

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah, do I mock myself? This is some *Irish* Traitor.

Teg. I am no Traitor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* Rebel; you are cozen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am; an impudent *Irish* Rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold seditious Spirit.

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg. You are a foolish brabble bribble Woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of Affairs must punish your Sauciness.

Teg. You shall take a Knock upon your Pate if you are saucy with me, that I shall; you Son of a Round-head, you.

Mrs. Day. Ye rascally Varlet, get you out of my Doors.

Teg. Will not I give you my Message then?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, Rascal.

Teg. I pr'y thee let me tell thee my Message.

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teg. Well then I care not neither; the Devil take your Ladyship, and Honourship, and Kitchenship too; there now.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. How the Villain has distemper'd me ! Out upon't too, that I have let the Rascal go unpunish'd, and you can stand by like a Sheep ; run after him then, and stop him ; I'll have him laid by the Heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me : Call Help as you go, make haste I say. [Exit Abel.

Ruth. 'Slid, *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor Fellow for Sake's Sake ; stop *Abel* by any means, that he may 'scape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy. [Exit.

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Ods my Life, the Rascal has heated me.— Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done ; a saucy Villain.

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your Honour with one thing first, concerning Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. Day. Is't good News, Wench ?

Ruth. Most excellent ; if you go out you may spoil all, Such a Discovery I have made, that you will bless the Accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. Day. Quickly then, Girl.

Ruth. When you sent *Abel* after the *Irishman*, Mrs. *Arbella*'s Colour came and went in her Face ; and at last, not able to stay, flunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* should hurt him ; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. Day. I protest he may be hurt indeed ; I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth ; nor is there any need on't ; for she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd get near the *Irishman* : She has done it, upon my Life ; and if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs. Day. Art sure of this ?

Ruth. If you do not find she has stop't him, let me ever have your Hatred : pray credit me.

Mrs. Day. Come, good Wench, I'll go in and hear it all at large ; it shall be the best Tale thou hast told these two Days.. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his Part, needs no Help by this time ; come, good Wench. [Exit.] *Ruth.*

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Ruth. So far I am right; Fortune take care for future Things.

Enter C. Blunt as taken by Bailiffs.

C. Bl. At whose Suit, Rascals?

Bail. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, Dogs! must I wait your Leisure?

Bail. O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traitors as you that disturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. Bl. Take that, Rascal; if I had any thing at Liberty besides my Foot, I would bestow it on you.

Bail. You shall pay dearly for this Kick, before you are let loose, and give good special Bail: Mark that, my surly Companion; we have you fast.

C. Bl. 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I would have made some of your scurvy Souls my special Bail.

Bail. O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man! I'll warrant ye this vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

C. Bl. I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How is this? *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole, let go your Prey, or——

[Draws, and Blunt in the Scuffle throws up one of their Heels, and gets a Sword, and helps to drive them off.]

Bail. Murder, Murder!

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth Thanks. I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the matter, Man?

C. Bl. Why, an Action or two for free Quarter, now made *Trower* and *Conversion*.

Enter Teg running.

C. Car. Well, come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my Soul run as I do; the Men in red Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry Murder, Murder! I never heard such a Noise in *Ireland*; that's true too.

C. Car. 'Slife, we must shift several ways. Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at Night; I shall take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tay* now?

C. C a

C. Car. O good Teg, no time for Messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

[*A Noise within.*] Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.

1 Bail. This way, this way!

Enter Careless and Teg again.

C. Car. I am quite out of Breath, and the Blood-hounds are in full Cry upon a Burning Scent: Plague on 'em, what a Noise the Kennels make? What Door's this that graciously stands a little open? What an Ass am I to ask? Teg, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this Door, there you shall find me; be careful. Now by your Favour, Landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, Obadiah, to bring the Parties to me first: 'tis your Master's Will that I shou'd, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In Truth, in Truth, I have too great a Burden upon me; yet for the public Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall with sincere Care present unto your Honour, from time to time, such Negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your Honour's Inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do. You have the Present that came last?

Obad. Yes, and please your Honour; the Gentlewoman concerning her Brother's Release, hath also sent in a Piece of Plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a Bargain of the King's land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him; he does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*]

Mrs. Day. Why how now? What rude Companion's thi? What wou'd you have? What's your Business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who do you belong to? Who!—

C. Car.

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C. Car. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these Interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your Companion; I am a Man; there's no great matter; no Body sent me; nor I belong to no Body: I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed Murder, for ought I know: How is't, *Obadiab*?

C. Car. Ha! what Luck have I to fall into the Territories of my old Kitchen Acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the Strength of *Teg's* Message, tho' I had no Answer. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. How is't, Man?

Obad. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear has bruised some Intellestuals within my Stomach.

Mrs. Day. Go in, and take some *Irisb* Slat by way of Prevention, and keep yourself warm. [*Ex. Obad.*] Now, Sir, have you any Business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to: How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. Car. No truly, the Gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. Ay, there's the Point; either she does not, or will not know me: What shou'd I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this Wit is like a common Friend, when one has need on him he won't come near one. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an Invention? for ought I know you have done some Mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. Car. So, that's well: 'twas pretty to fall into the Head-quarter of the Enemy. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis even so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty States-woman; I did but give you time to see if your Memory would be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a Word yet of thy former Employments, that's Sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have Acquaintance with Cavaliers. *C. Car.*

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens Utenfils; but *in diebus illis*, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant. Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful: What, you think I shou'd not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd Hair, and white Gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your Sabbath day's Cinnamon Wastecoa't, with a silver Edging round the Skirt.

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah?

C. Car. And with your fair Hands bath'd in Lather; or with your fragrant Breath driving the fleeting Amber-grease off from the waving Kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. Day. O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember you now indeed; but I'll——

C. Car. Nay, but hark you the now Honourable; did I not send my Footman, an *Irishman*, with a civil Message to you; why all this Strangeness then?

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this! was't you that sent that Rascal to abuse me, was't so?

C. Car. How now! what, Matters grow worse and worse?

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in Authority: Within there, who's within?

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your Mouth, if you raise an Alarm. [*She cries out, and he stops her Mouth.*]

Mrs. Day. Stop my Mouth, Sirrah! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your Mouth.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the Matter, forsooth?

Mrs. Day. The Matter! why here's a rude Cavalier has broke into my House; 'twas he too that sent the *Irish* Rascal to abuse me too within my own Walls: Call your Father, that he may grant order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

C. Car. Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, spare your Motion.——What must become of me? *Teg* has made some strange Mistake. [*Aside.*]

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do! Now Invention be equal to my Love. [*Aside.*] Why, your Ladyship will spoil all: I sent for this Gentleman, and injoin'd him Secrecy, even to you yourself, 'till I had made his Way.

O fy upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come these two Hours.

C. Car. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, Sir? 'twas three Hours before you appointed.

C. Car. Hey-day! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose presently. [*Aside.*

Ruth. 'Twas upon a Message of his to me, and please your Honour, to make his Desires known to your Ladyship, that he had consider'd on't, and was resolv'd to take the Covenant, and give you five hundred Pound to make his Peace, and bring his Business about again, that he may be admitted in his first Condition.

C. Car. What's this?—D'ye hear, pretty Gentlewoman?

Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind; I have done your Business.

Mrs. Day. Oh, his Stomach's come down!

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the Five hundred Pound, and— [*Whispers.*

C. Car. Now I have found it, this pretty Wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her Peril. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. I understand thee—Well, Sir, I can pass by Rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no Intention of it; I leave you and my Daughter to beget a right Understanding. [*Exit Mrs. Day.*

C. Car. We should beget Sons and Daughters sooner: What does this mean? [*Aside.*

Ruth. I am sorry, Sir, that your Love for me should make you thus rash.

C. Car. That's more than you know; but you had a mind to be left alone with me; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, Sir? you'd never have run yourself into this Danger else.

C. Car. Nay, now you're out; the Danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper Business here; but we lose time; you and I are left to beget a right Understanding: come, which Way?

Ruth.

Ruth. Whither?

C. Car. To your Chamber or Closet.

Ruth. But I am engag'd you will take the Covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad.

C. Car. That's not against my Principles,

Ruth. Thank you for your fair Opinion, good Signior Principle; there lies your Way, Sir: however, I will own so much Kindness for you, that I repent not the Civility I have done, to free you from the Trouble you were like to fall into; make me a Leg, if you please, and cry Thank you; and so the Gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right Understanding of you.

C. Car. No: I am rivetted. The Business in short is this: We differ seemingly upon two Evils, and mine the least; and therefore to be chosen: you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

C. Car. You wou'd not have me take the Covenant then?

Ruth. No; I did but try you: I forgive your idle Looseness, for that firm Virtue: be constant to your fair Principles, in spite of Fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into Petticoats! Are you not the Committee *Day's* Daughter?

Ruth. Yes, what then?

C. Car. Then I am thankful: I had no Defence against Thee and Matrimony, but my own Father and Mother, which are a perfect Committee to thy Nature.

Ruth. Why, are you sure I would have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither?

C. Car. Nay, I have made thee a Jointure against my Will; methinks it were but as reasonable that I shou'd do something for my Jointure; but by the way of Matrimony honestly to encrease your Generation, this, to tell you Truth, is against my Conscience.

Ruth. Yet you wou'd beget right Understandings.

C. Car. Yes, I wou'd have 'em all Bastards.

Ruth. When the Quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd; you and I shall agree: 'till when, Sir——— *Enter*

Enter Teg.

Teg. Are you here then? upon my shoul, the good Colonel *Blunt* is overtaken again now; and carried to the Devil! that he is i'faith now.

C. Car. How, taken and carried to the Devil!

Teg. He desired to go to the Devil, that he did; I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid of that.

C. Car. I understand it now; what Mischief's this?

Ruth. You seem troubled, Sir.

C. Car. I have but a Life to lose, that I am weary of: come, *Teg.*

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the Business; what d'ye talk of?

C. Car. My Friend, my dearest Friend is caught up by rascally Bailiffs, and carried to the Devil Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a Minute, if you have any Kindness for me. *C. Car.* Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your Friend.

Enter Arbella.

O Arbella, I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bailiffs; there's his Friend too, almost distracted: you know the Mercy of these Times.

Arb. What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

Arb. Look, where he and *Obadiah* come; sent hither by Providence—O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long Time? can you find of your Heart to keep thus out of my Sight?

Abel. Assuredly, some important Affairs constrain'd my Absence, as *Obadiah* can testify, *bona fide.*

Obad. I can do so verily, myself being a material Party.

C. Car. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my Sight: I have some Occasions that call me to go a little way

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way ; you shall e'en go with me, and good *Obadiab* too : you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. It is not meet I should. I am exceedingly exalted. *Obadiab*, thou shalt have the best Bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. Car. What may this mean ? [*Aside*.

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother from pursuing us ?

Ruth. Let me alone : As I go by the Parlour, where she sits, big with Expectation, I'll give her a Whisper, that we are going to fetch the very Five hundred Pound.

Arb. How can that be ?

Ruth. No Question now. Will you march, Sir ?

C. Car. Whither ?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these Men in Love are !—why, to your Friend. No more Words. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Colonel Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.

1 *Bail*. **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get Bail.

C. Bl. Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees ? I'll perish in a Dungeon, before I'll consume with throwing Sops to such Curs.

1 *Bail*. Choose, choose : come, along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your Pace neither, Rascals ; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest Gentleman.

1 *Bail*. Very well, furly Sir, we will carry you where you shall not be troubled what Pace to walk ; you'll find a large Bill : Blood is dear.

C. Bl. Not yours, is it ? a Farthing a Pint were very dear for the best Blood you have.

Enter

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, C. Careless, and Obadiab.

1 *Bail.* How now ! are these any of your Friends ?

C. Bl. Never if you see Women ; that's a Rule.

Arb. Nay, you need have no Scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman of mine ; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

Abel. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save you harmless : besides, I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in Prison ; he must convey my Estate, as you appoint, for 'tis all in him : we must please him.

Abel. The Consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiab*, 'tis necessary for us to set at Liberty this Gentleman, being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella's* Estate ; tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this Gentleman—and——d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Obad. I shall——Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Abel Day*, the First born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations ; and I myself, by Name *Obadiab*, and Clerk to the said honourable Committee.

1 *Bail.* Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I ; and I will bail this Gentleman : I believe you dare not except against the Bail : nay, you shall have *Obadiab's* too, one that the State trusts.

1 *Bail.* With all our Hearts, Sir.—But there are Charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, *Obadiab*, take this Purse and discharge them, and give the Bailiffs twenty Shillings to drink.

C. Car. This is miraculous !

1 *Bail.* A brave Lady !——P'faith, Mistress, we'll drink your Health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here : What say you to that now ?

1 *Bail.* That's impossible : here's something more in this——Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in another Room, if you please to go thither, and give your Bail, Sir.

Abel.

Abel. Well, shew us the Way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

C. Car. Hark ye, pretty *Mrs. Ruth*, if you were not a Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd have you and that Gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

C. Car. Do but swear then, that thou art not the Issue of *Mr. Day*; and tho' I know 'tis a Lye, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fy, fy? you can't abide taking of Oaths: Look, look, how your Friend and mine take aim at one another: Is he smitten?

C. Car. *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject, nay, and is vex'd he is in Love too: Troth, 'tis partly my own Case.

Ruth. Peace; she begins, as Need requires.

Arb. You are free, Sir.

C. Bl. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. Bl. Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, Sir?

C. Bl. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceiv'd me apt to commit such a Rudeness? Pray let me know it.

C. Bl. Upon two Conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well! make your own Laws.

C. Bl. First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: Pray believe it; you have this Acknowledgment from an honest Heart, one that would crack a String for you; that's one Thing. *Arb.* Well! the other.

C. Bl. The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your Promise, not to call me back: and upon these Terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*, come stand ready, that at the Sign given, we may vanish together.

Ruth. If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry, One, two, three, and away.

C. Bl.

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C. Bl. Be pleas'd to forbear, good smart Gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am just going; by your Spleens, have a little Patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, Sir.

C. Bl. That's much for a Woman to do.

Arb. Now, Sir, perform your Promise.

C. Bl. *Careless*, have you done with your Woman?

C. Car. Madam——

C. Bl. Nay, I have thank'd her already; pr'ythee no more of that dull Way of Gratitude: stand ready. Man; yet nearer the Door: so, now my Misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above my Sense or Reason: So farewell, and laugh. Come, *Careless*.

C. Car. Ladies, our Lives are yours; be but so kind as to believe it, till you have something to command.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ruth. Was there ever such Humour?

Arb. As I live his Confession shews nobly.

Ruth. It shews madly, I am sure: an ill-bred Fellow, not to endure a Woman to laugh at him!

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but want of a good Example; I'll make him so.

Arb. But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame, that we did not inquire where they lodg'd, under pretence of sending to them about their own Business.

Ruth. Why, thy whimsical Colonel discharg'd himself off like a Gun; there was no time between the Flashing in the Pan, and the going off, to ask a Question. But hark ye, I have an Invention upon the old Account of the Five hundred Pound, which shall make *Abel* send his Pursuivant, *Obadiab*, to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at that Bait.

Enter Abel and Obadiab.

Ruth. Peace; see where *Abel* and the gentle 'Squire of low degree, *Obadiab*, approach, having newly entered themselves into Bonds.

Ab.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his Mother, if he be evermore troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier, by bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have, according to your Desires, given Freedom to your Kinsman and Trustee; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have Power, in Right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your Authority.

Ruth. O fy upon't, Brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a Business before the Gentlemen went. O me, what a Sieve-like Memory have I! 'twas an important Affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render my Opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their Obstinacy, and wou'd now present Five hundred Pound to your good honourable Mother to stand their Friend, that they may be permitted to take the Covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important Affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their Conversion, together with their Money.

Ruth. Well, there's but one Way; do you send *Obadiab*, in your Father's Name, to desire them both to come to his House about some Business that will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll take it ill; for they enjoin'd us Secresy; and when they come, let us alone. *Obadiab* may enquire them out at some Tavern.

Obad. The Bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil-Tavern.

Abel. Hasten thither, good *Obadiab*, as if you had met my honourable Father, and desire them to come unto his House about an important Affair that is for their good.

Obad. I shall use Expedition. [Exit.

Abel. And we will hasten Home, lest the Gentlemen shou'd be before us, and not know how to address their Offers; and then we will hasten our being united in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Arb.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far.

[*Exit.*

Enter the two Colonels and Teg, as at the Tavern.

C. Car. Did ever Man get away so craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible Business! afraid to tell a Woman what she desir'd to hear. I pray heartily that the Boys do not come to the knowledge of thy famous Retreat; we shall be followed by those small Birds, as you have seen an Owl pursu'd.

C. Bl. I shall break some of their Wings then.

C. Car. To leave a handsom Woman, a Woman that came to be bound Body for Body for thee! one that does that which no Woman will hardly do again.

C. Bl. What's that?

C. Car. Love thee, and thy blunt Humour; a mere Chance, Man, a Thing besides all the venerate Stars.

C. Bl. You practise your Wit to no purpose; I am not to be persuaded to lie still like a Jack a-lent, to be cast at; I had rather be a Whisp hung up for a Woman to scold at, than a fix'd Lover for 'em to point at: Your Squib began to hiss.

Enter Obadiah.

C. Car. Peace, Man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his Message to us, trow?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

C. Bl. How's this?

Obad. I come unto you in the Name of the Honourable *Mr. Day*, who desires to speak with you both about some important Affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. Bl. What Train is this?

C. Car. Peace, let us not be rash.—*Teg.*

Teg. Well then.

C. Car. Were it not possible that you could entertain this Fellow in the next Room, till he were pretty drunk?

Teg. I warrant you that now; I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake.

C. Car. Be sure, *Teg*—Some Business, Sir, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your Patience till we dispatch it: In the mean time. Sir, do us the Favour as to call for a Glass of Sack; in the

next

next Room *Teg* shall wait upon you, and drink your Master's Health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I use to drink Healths.

C. Car. None but your Master's, Sir, and that by way of Remembrance.

Obad. We that have the Affairs of State under our Tuition cannot long delay; my Presence may be required for the carrying on the Work.

C. Car. Nay, Sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an Hour; we wou'd wait upon you ourselves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that Consideration I shall attend a little.

C. Car. Go, wait upon him,——now, *Teg*, or never.

Teg. I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my Soul. [Ex. *Teg* and *Obad.*

C. Bl. What a Devil shou'd this Message mean?

C. Car. 'Tis too plain this Cream of Committee-Rascals, who has better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard of his Son *Abel*'s being hamper'd, in the Cause of the Wicked, and in Revenge wou'd entice us to Perdition.

C. Bl. If *Teg* could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

C. Car. If the close-hearted Rogue will not be open-mouth'd, we will leave him pawn'd for all our Scores, and stuff his Pockets with blank Commissions.

C. Bl. Only fill up one with his Master's Name.

C. Car. And another with his Wife's Name for Adjutant-General. A Rascal, to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

C. Bl. Well, we must resolve what to do.

C. Car. I have a Fancy come into my Head, that may produce an admirable Scene.

C. Bl. Come, let's hear.

C. Car. 'Tis upon Supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk; we'll send him home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that good-natured Condition, to the ill-natur'd Rascal his Master.

C. Bl. It will be excellent: how I pray for *Teg* to be victorious.

C

Enter

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any Music?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee no, we are out of Tune.

C. Car. Pish, we never will be out of Humour. Do'st hear, play *Long live the King*.——This Tune has rais'd my Spirits: Here, sing always for the King; I wou'd have every Man in his Way do something for him; I wou'd have Fiddlers sing for him, Parsons pray for him, Men fight for him, Women scold for him, and Children cry for him; and according to this Rule, *Teg* is drinking for him: But see,

Enter Teg, and Obadiah drunk.

See and rejoice where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

C. Bl. And the vanquish'd *Obadiah* with nothing fix'd about him but his Eyes.

Teg. Well now, upon my Soul. *Mr. Obad.* Commit. sings well now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* Song after me?

Obad. I will sing *Irish* for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King as well as you. Hark you now. [*He sings an Irish Song, and Obadiah tries.*]

Obad. That is too hard Stuff: I cannot do these and these material Matters,

Teg. Here now, we will take some Snuff for the King——so, there, lay it upon your Hand; put one of your Noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my Soul, *Mr.*

Obad. Commit. will make a brave *Irishman*.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good *Mr. Teg*, give me some more Sack, and sing *English*, for my Money.

Teg. I will tell you that this *Irish* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance: Can you play an *Irish* Tune? can you play this now?

Mus. No, Sir; but I can play you an excellent *Irish* jig. [*They dance.*]

C. Car. This is beyond Thought! So this Motion, like a tumbled Barrel, has set the Liquor a working again. Now for a Chair.

C. Bl. Drawer! who waits there?

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Call a Chair presently, and order it into this Room ; here's a Friend of ours overtaken.

C. Car. *Teg*, thou has done Miracles ; thou art a good Omen, and hast vanquish'd the Cause. in this Overthrow of this counterfeit Rascal, its true Epitome : and now, *Teg*, according to the Words of Condemnation, we'll fend him to the Place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my shoul he's dead now ; shall I howl, as we do in *Ireland* ?

C. Car. How's that, *Teg* ?

Teg. Yo, yo.

[*Howls.*]

C. Car. No more, good *Teg*, lest you give an Alarm to the Enemy. Welcome, honest Fellow ; by your Looks you seem so.

Enter Chairman with a Chair.

1 Chair. How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor Soldier *Ned* ?

C. Car. Honest *Ned* ; what, turn'd Chairman ?

1 Chair. Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel : shall I have the Honour to carry you ?

C. Car. No, *Ned* ; is thy Fellow honest ?

1 Chair. Or I'd be hang'd before I'd carry an Inch with him.

C. Car. 'Tis well——look you, *Ned*, that Fellow is Mr. *Day* the Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful Industry we have made drunk : just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, and immediately transport him to his Master *Day*'s House ; and in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown for thy pains.

1 Chair. If I fail, say *Ned*'s a Coward : Come, shall we put your short-wing'd Worship into your Mew ? come along.

[*They put him in, and Ex.*]

C. Car. Farewel, *Ned*. We'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home, and laugh ; and, if you will, plot some way to see our enchanting Females once more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Dispatch quickly, I say, and say I said it ; many things fall between the Lip and the Cup.

Mr. Day. Nay, Duck, let thee alone for Counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a Man!

Mrs. Day. Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, and a Helper too.

Mr. Day. I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy Face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. Day. Come, come, you are wandring from the matter; dispatch the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with our *Abel*. Women are uncertain.

Mr. Day. How if she shou'd be coy?

Mrs. Day. You are at your *Is* again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land; Plain-dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn as I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. Day. Ay, I warrant you, Duck; here, here they be. Oh, she has a brave Estate!

Mrs. Day. What News you have!

Mr. Day. Look you, Wife.

[Day pulls out his Writings, and lays out his Keys.

Mrs. Day. Pish, teach your Gramam to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honour, your good Neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome Life; he has made your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your Honours.

Mr. Day. Alas! alas! a good Man will leave us. Come, good Duck, let us hasten: where is *Obadiab* to usher you?

Mrs. Day. Why, *Obadiab*!—A Varlet to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my Wrath. Come, Husband along; I'll take *Abel* in his Place. [Exit.

Enter Ruth and Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carrion discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The She Day call'd most fiercely for *Obadiab*: look here, Ruth, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live it is the Day's Bunch of Keys, which he always keeps so closely:—well—if thou hast any Mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt.

Enter

Enter Abel.

Ab. Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, Wench, he's come back for the Keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear them in confident Words, and no less confident Countenances.

Ab. An important Affair hath called my honourable Father and Mother forth, and in the Absence of *Obadiab* I am inforced to attend their Honours; and therefore I conceiv'd it right and meet to acquaint you with it: lest in my Absence you might have apprehended, that some Mischance had befallen my Person: therefore I desire you to receive Consolation: and so I bid you heartily farewell.

[Exit.]

Ab. Given from his Mouth this Tenth of *April*.—He put me in a cruel Fright.

Ruth. If I miss, hang me.

Ab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a Friend of mine, and of my Father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us; fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our Colonels.

Ab. Nay, the Mischief that I have done, and the Condition we are in, make me as ready as thou art: come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand Centinel here; that's 'the Closet-Window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any News of the Enemy. [Exit.]

Ab. I warrant thee—May but this departing Brother have so much String of Life left him, as may tie this expecting *Day* to his Bedside, till we have committed this honest Robbery—Hark! what's that—this Apprehension can make a Noise when there's none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em: nay the whole Covey, and his Seal at Arms bearing a Dog's Leg. [Above.]

Ab. Come, make haste then.

Ruth. As I live, here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, to the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a Remembrance to his discreet Wife. Nay, what dost thou think these are?

Ab. I can't tell; nay, pr'ythee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the prettise Baboon! they are Letters from two Wenches.

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Arb. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch.

Ruth. Here be abundance more: come, run up, and help me carry 'em. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come.

[*Exit.*

Enter Chairmen with Obadiah in the Chair, who tumbles out, and sings as at the Tavern——then enter Arbella and Ruth from robbing the Closet.

Arb. What's this? We are undone.

Obad. Mr. *Teg*, will you dance, Mr. *Teg*?

Ruth. Put a good Face on't, or give me the Van. O, 'tis *Obadiah* fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'ye hear, honest Friends, was this zealous Gentleman your Freight?

Chair. Yes, Mistress; two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken.

Arb. It was our Colonels, that thought *Day* sent him to trepan them, as sure as can be.

Ruth. Canst carry us near the Place?

Chair. Yes, Mistress —— Sure there's no danger in Women.

Arb. What dost mean?

Ruth. Come, honest Fellow, stop over-against the Place where you left the Gentlemen; we have some Business with them; we'll pay you, and they'll thank you: so good Night, Mr. *Day*.

Chair. I warrant you, Mistress. Come along, *Tom*.

[*Exe. all but Obad.*

Obad. Some Small-beer, good Mr. *Teg*.

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.

Mr. Day. He made a good End, and departed as unto Sleep.

Mrs. Day. I'll assure you his Wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marry this —— half Year.

Mr. Day. He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck, shou'dst be sorry to lose me?

Mrs. Day. Lose you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better Thing —— Ah, Lord, what's that?

[*Obadiah sings.*

Mr. Day. How now! what's this? how! —— *Obadiah* —— and in a drunken Distemper, assuredly!

Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. O fy upon't! who wou'd have believ'd that we shou'd have liv'd to have seen *Obadiab* overcome with the Creature? — Where have you been, Sirrah?

Obad. D—d—drinking the Ki—Ki—King's Health.

Mr. Day. O terrible! some Disgrace put upon us, and Shame brought within our Walls; I'll go lock up my Neighbour's Will, and come down and shew him a Re-proof.—How—how—I cannot feel my Keys,—nor—*[He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up.]* hear 'em gingle: Didst thou see my Keys, Duck?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no Ducks. I see your Keys! see a Fool's head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth-coming: You are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your Tail: Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the Door!

Mr. Day. I go, I go, Duck. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Day. Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen Creature, who has left his Uprightness; carry him to Bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[He goes to lift him up.]

Obad. Stand away, I say, and give me some Sack, that I may drink a Health to the King, and *Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain.* *[Obadiab sings.]* Where's Mr. Teg?

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the Door's left open, and all my Writings and Papers stolen: undone, undone! — *Ruth, Ruth!*

Mrs. Day. Why *Ruth*, I say! Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, forsooth? here has been no Thieves: I have not been a Minute out of the House.

Mrs. Day. Where's *Ruth*, and Mrs. *Arbella*?

Serv. I have not see them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the Writings of both their Estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, Coxcomb, we had come back sooner else: you slow Drone, we must be undone for your Dulness.

Obad. Be not in Wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll wrath you, ye Rascal.

Mr. Day. Nay Patience, good Duck, and let's lay out for these Women; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Twas you that left your Keys upon the Table to tempt them: ye need cry, Good Duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken Rascal, ye Booby: when he is sober he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[*Exeunt Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.*]

Abel. I rejoice yet in the midst of my Sufferings, that my Mistress saw not my Rebukes. Come, *Obadiab*, I pray raise yourself upon your Feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant? that's the Question.

Abel. Yea.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King? that's t'other Question.

Abel. Nay, make not thyself a Scorn.

Obad. Scorn in thy Face; void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Obad. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my stedfast going, that I am not drunk. Look you now—so, softly, softly; gently, good *Obadiab*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink: So gently, and uprightly, *Obadiab*.

[*He moves his Legs, but stands still.*]

Abel. You do not move.

Obad. Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

Enter Mrs. Day.

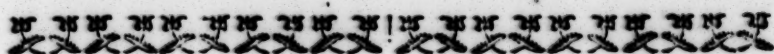
Mrs. Day. What, stay all day? there's for you, Sir; you are a sweet Youth to leave in Trust; along, you drunken Rascal [*to Obadiab*]; I'll set you both forward.

Obad. The Philistines are upon us, and Day is broke loose from Darkness, high keeping has made her fierce.

[*She beats 'em off.*]

Mrs. Day. Out, you drunken Rascal: I'll make you move, you Beast.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Bookf. COME along, Sir; I'll teach you to take Covenants.

Teg. Will you teach me then? did I not take it then? Why will you teach me now?

Bookf. You shall pay dearly for the Blows you struck me, my wild *Irishman*; by *St. Patrick*, you shall.

Teg. What have you now to do with *St. Patrick*? he will scorn your Covenant.

Bookf. I'll put you, Sir, where you shall have worse Liquor than your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber! By my Goship's Hand now you are a Rascal if you do not love Bonny-Clabber, and I will break your Pate if you will not let me go to my Master.

Bookf. O you are an impudent Rascal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How now! — hold my Friend; whither do you carry my Servant?

Bookf. I have arrested him, Sir, for striking me, and taking away my Book.

C. Car. What has he taken away?

Bookf. Nay, the Value of the Thing is not much? 'twas the Covenant, Sir.

Teg. Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Masters took it from me; and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. Car. Here, honest Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's worth; here, Bailiffs, here's for you to drink.

Bookf. Well, Sir, you seem an honest Gentleman: for your Sake, and in hopes of your Custom, I release him.

1 Bail. Thank ye, noble Sir. [*Exe. Bookf. and Bail.*

C. Car. Farewel, my noble Friends—so—d'ye hear,
Teg? Pray take no more Covenants.—Have you paid
 the Money I sent you with?

Teg. Yes; but I will carry no more, look you there
 now.

C. Car. Why, *Teg?*

Teg. Gad sa' my Soul now, I shall run away with it.

C. Car. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teg. That I am too upon my Soul now; but the Devil
 is not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone
 when I was going; but he made me go to this little long
 Place; and t'other little long Place; and upon my Soul
 was carrying me to *Ireland*: for he made me go by a
 dirty Place like a Lough now; and therefore I know
 now it was the Way to *Ireland*: Then I would stand still,
 and then he wou'd make me go on; and then I wou'd go
 to one Side, and he wou'd make me go to t'other Side;
 and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and
 upon my Soul the Devil could not catch me; and then
 I did pay the Money: But I will carry no more Money
 now, that I will not.

C. Car. But thou sha't, *Teg*, when I have more to
 send; thou art Proof now against Temptations.

Teg. Well then, if you send me with Money again, and
 if I do not come to thee upon the Time, the Devil will
 make me be gone then with the Money: Here's a Papor
 for thee, 'tis a quit Way indeed.

C. Car. That's well said, *Teg* — [Reads.

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Soldiers.

Obad. See, Sir, Providence hath directed us; there is
 one of them that clothed me with Shame, and the most
 malignant among the Wicked.

Mr. Day. Soldiers, seize him: I charge him with Treas-
 on; here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

C. Car. What's the matter, Rascals?

Mr. Day. You shall know that to your Cost hereafter:
 away with him.

C. Car. *Teg*, tell 'em I shall not come home to Night:
 I am engag'd.

Teg.

Teg. I pr'ythee ben't engag'd.

C. Car. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. Day. That will appear, Sir;—away with him.

Teg. What will you do with my Master now?

Mr. Day. Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

Teg. That I will, for all you now.

C. Car. Teg. come hither. [*Whispers.*

Teg. Must not I go with you then?

C. Car. No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. Day. Away with him: we will be aveng'd on the Scornor; and I'll go home and tell my Duck this Part of my good Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chairmen with Sedan, Women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right.—Now, honest Fellow, step over and tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women desire to speak with them,

Enter C. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Chair. See, Mistress, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's my Colonel, *Arbella*; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What shou'd I do?

Ruth. Put forth some good Words, as they us'd to shake Oats, when they go to catch a skittish Jade. Advance.

Arb. Sir. *C. Bl.* Lady—'tis she.

Arb. I wish, Sir, that my Friend and I had some Conveniency of speaking with you; we now want the Assistance of some noble Friend.

C. Bl. Then I am happy, Bring me but to do something for you; I wou'd have my Actions talk, not I! My Friend will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too—Pardon my last Confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had staid—

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. Bl. Good over-charged Gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: If we might withdraw any whither out of Sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the Business.

Lieu.

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Lieu. My House, Ladies, is at that Door, where both the Colonels lodge: Pray command it. Colonel *Careless* will immediately be here.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, my good Master will not come; that Commit. Rogue *Day* has got him with Men in red Coats, and he is gone to Prison here below this Street; he would not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come tell thee now.

Ruth. O my Heart—Tears, by your Leave awhile—
[*Wipes her Eyes.*] D'ye hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the Trinkets, only the Bait, that I'll use. [*Exit.*

C. Bl. *Careless* in Prison! Pardon me, Madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident; this honest Friend of mine will use you with all Respects 'till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do, Sir?

C. Bl. I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something: you shall have a sudden Account of all Things. You say you dare believe; pray be as good as your Word; and whatever Accident befalls me, know I love you dearly.

Lieu. Madam, pray let my House be Honour'd with you; be confident of all Respect and Faith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruth with a Soldier.

Ruth. Come, give me the Bundle; so, now the Habit; 'tis well, there's for your Pains; be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sold. If I fail, may I die in a Ditch, and there lie, and out-sink it.

Ruth. Now for my wild Colonel. I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out: I have no Patience to expect. Within there—ho—

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. Have not you a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody, one Colonel *Careless*?

Keep. Yes, Mistress; and committed by your Father, Mr. *Day*. *Ruth.* May I speak with him, Sir?

Keep. Very freely, Mistress; there's no Order to forbid any to come to him. To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant Gentleman.—I'll call him forth. [*Exit.*

Ruth.

The Faithful I R I S H M A N. 61

Ruth. O' my Conscience every Thing must be in Love with him ; now for my last Hopes ; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes myself.

Enter Keeper and Careless.

C. Car. Mr. *Day's* Daughter speak with me ?

Keep. Ay, Sir, there she is. [Exit.

Ruth. O Sir, does the Name of Mr. *Day's* Daughter trouble you ? you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

C. Car. Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you : But what Luck this is, that *Day's* Daughter shou'd ever be with her, to spoil all !

C. Car. Not a whit, one way ; I have a pretty Room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what ?

C. Car. For you and I to give Counter-security for our Kindness to one another.

Ruth. Methinks a Prison shou'd tame you.

C. Car. Why, d'ye think a Prison takes away Blood and Sight ? as long as I am so qualify'd, I am Touchwood, and whenever you bring Fire, I shall fall a burning,

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. Car. And you shall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a Coal, black as dishonest Love.

C. Car. Is this your Business ? Did you come to disturb my Contemplations with a Sermon ? Is this all ?

Ruth. One Thing more : I love you, it's true ; but I love you honestly, if you know how to love me virtuously. I'll free you from Prison, and run all Fortunes with you.

C. Car. Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of Ways ; if I cou'd not, Freedom were no Bait, were it from Death. I shou'd despise your Offer, to bargain for a Lye.—But—

Ruth. But what ?

C. Car. The Name of that Rascal that got thee ; yet I lye too, he got ne'er a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy
Mother

Mother was as unlucky to bear thee: But how shall we
 false that? take off but these Incumbrances, and I'll
 purchase thee in thy Smock; but to have such a Flaw
 in my Title.

Ruth. Can I help Nature?

C. Car. Or I Honour? Why, hark you now, do but
 swear me into a Pretence, do but betray me with an
 Oath that thou wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*,
 my Father's Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

C. Car. Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I swear?

C. Car. Ay that I will, though I know all the while
 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear then by all that's good, I am not their
 Daughter.

C. Car. Poor kind perjur'd Pretty One, I am be-
 holden to thee; wou'dst damn thyself for me?

Ruth. You are mistaken: I have try'd you fully; you
 are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to vir-
 tuous Principles: My Name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*,
 but plain *Anne*, and Daughter to Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*:
 'tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an Infant,
 and my Estate, into his Power, and made me pass for
 his own Daughter, my Father dying when I was but two
 Years old. This I knew but lately, by an unexpected
 meeting of an ancient Servant of my Father's. But two
 Hours since *Arbella* and I found an Opportunity of steal-
 ing away all the Writings that belonged to my Estate,
 and her Composition: In our Flight we met your Friend,
 with whom I left her as soon as I had Intelligence of
 your Misfortune, to try to get your Liberty; which if I
 can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

C. Car. Thou more than——

Ruth. No, no, no Raptures at this Time: here's your
 Disguise purchas'd from a true-hearted Red-coat; let
 this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw
 up a Ladder of Ropes. As soon as you receive it, come
 down, and at the Bottom of the Window you shall find
 yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. Car.

C. Car. I'll leap into thy Arms —

Ruth. So you may break your Neck; observe all I have told you: So farewell.—

C. Car. Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, let us not part with dry Lips.—One Kiss.

Ruth. Not a Bit of me, 'till I am all yours.

O. Car. Your Hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor Compounder.

Ruth. Pish, there's a dirty Glove upon't.—

C. Car. Give me but any naked Part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail creeps, and leave a Sign where my Lips slid along—

Ruth. Good Snail, get out of your Hole first, think of your Business. So fare—

C. Car. Nay, prythee be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid I am a Man; but I am as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam* Father Day, if I cou'd not cry, to leave thee a brace of Minutes.

Ruth. Away; we grow foolish—farewel—yet be careful—nay, go in.

C. Car. Do you go first.

Ruth. Nay, fy, go in.

C. Car. We'll fairly then divide the Victory, and draw off together.—Sc—I will have the last Lock.

[*Exit* severally, looking at one another.

Enter C. Blunt, and Soldier.

C. Bl. No more Words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. I may live to thank thee better.

Sol. I scorn any Encouragement to love my King, or those that serve him. I took Pay under these People, with a Design to do him Service; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. Bl. Here then, carry him this Ladder of Ropes: So, now give me the Coat; bid him dispatch when he sees the Coast clear; he shall be waited for at the Bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too, if he desires it.

Sol. I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your Place. [*Exit.*] C. Bl. I warrant ye.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every thing then? By my Shoul now, yonder is the Man with the hard Name; that
Man

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Man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* Rascal; he is coming along there behind now upon my Shoul that he is.

C. Bl. The Rascal comes for some Mischief. *Teg*, now or never play the Man.

Teg. How shou'd I be a Man then?

C. Bl. Thy Master is never to be got out, if this Rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teg*, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, and it shall be call'd the Second Edition of *Obadiab*, put forth with *Irish* Notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee——

Teg. I will carry him upon my Back, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will, for my sweet Master now, that I will.

C. Bl. Dispatch, good *Teg*; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Story's*, there shall be the general Rendezvous: Now, or never, *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you I will get Drink into his Pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: He shall not come after you now. [*Exeunt.*

C. Careless as in Prison.

C. Car. The Time's almost come: how slow it flutters? My Desires are better winged: How I long to counterfeit a Faintness when I come to the Bottom, and sink into the Arms of this dear witty Fair!—Ha, who's this?

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, fasten it to your Window, and descend; you shall be waited for.

C. Car. The careful Creature has sent it—but d'ye hear, Sir, cou'd you not spare that Implement by your Side? it might serve to keep off small Curs.

Sol. You'll have no need on't, but there it is; make haste, the Coast is clear. [*Exit.*

C. Car. O this pretty She Captain General over my Soul and Body; the Thought of her masters every Faculty

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I have: She has sent the Ropes, and stays for me; no Dancer of the Ropes ever slid down with that Swiftness (or Desire of Haste) that I will make to thee. [Exit.]

Enter Blunt in his Soldier's Coat.

C. *Bl.* All's quiet, and the Coast clear; so far it goes well; that is the Window; in this Nook I'll stand, 'till I see him coming down. [Steps in.]

C. *Careless above in a Soldier's Habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes, and speaks.*

C. *Car.* I cannot see my North Star that I must sail by; 'tis clouded: perhaps she stands close in some Corner; I'll not trifle Time: all's clear, Fortune, forbear thy Tricks, but for this small Occasion.

Enter Blunt.

C. *Bl.* What's this! a Soldier in the Place of *Careless*? I am betray'd, but I'll end this Rascal's Duty.

C. *Car.* How, a Soldier! ——betray'd; this Rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. *Bl.* Dog.

C. *Car.* How, *Blunt*?

C. *Bl.* *Careless*!

C. *Car.* You guess shrewdly; plague, what Contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another?

C. *Bl.* How the Devil got you a Soldier's Habit?

C. *Car.* The same Friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you. This kind Gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is; I was just ready to be suspicious.

Enter Ruth with a Ladder of Ropes.

Ruth. Who's there?

C. *Car.* Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my Heart is at my Mouth.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiss it. What have you in your Lap?

Ruth. The Ladder of Ropes: How a God's Name got you hither?

C. *Car.* Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

C. *Bl.* Then the Mistake is plainer; 'twas I that sent the Soldier with the Ropes.

Ruth.

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Ruth. What an Escape was this! come, let's lose no Time; here's no Place to explain Matters in.

C. Car. I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me: come along. [*Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. Day. Are you sure of this, neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. Chat. I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a Nose to my Face.

Mrs. Day. Is my——

Mr. Day. Ay, is my——

Mrs. Day. You may give one leave, methinks, to ask out one Question. Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. Chat. She was not, when I saw *Mrs. Arbella* last. I have not been so often at your Honour's House, but that I know *Mrs. Arbella*, the rich Heiress, that *Mr. Abel* was to have had, good Gentleman, if he has his Due: They never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my Neighbour *Story*, before she married the Lieutenant; and stepping in to see *Mrs. Story* that now is, my Neighbour *Wish-well* that was: I saw, as I told you, this very *Mrs. Arbella*; and I warrant *Mrs. Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. Day. Let me advise then, Husband.

Mr. Day. Do, good Duck; I'll warrant 'em.——

Mrs. Day. You'll warrant when I have done the Business.

Mr. Day. I mean so, Duck.

Mrs. Day. Well! pray spare your Meaning too: First then, we'll go ourselves in Person to this *Story's* House, and in the mean time send *Abel* for Soldiers; and when he has brought the Soldiers, let them stay at the Door, and come up himself; and then if fair Means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. Day. Excellent well advised, sweet Duck: Ah! let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and observe thy Mother's Directions. Remember the Place. We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their Tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. Come along, Neighbour, and shew us the best Way. Mrs. Chat, the State shall know what good Service you have done.

Mrs. Chat. I thank your Honour. [Exit.

Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.

Lieu. Pray, Madam, weep no more! spare your Tears, till you know they have miscarried.—Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected Joys!

Enter Ruth, C. Careless, and C. Blunt.

Arb. Oh, my dear Friend! my dear, dear Ruth!

C. Car. Pray, none of these phlegmatic Hugs; there, take your Colonel; my Captain and I can hug afresh every Minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good Soldier?

C. Car. I have done nothing but hug thee in Fancy, ever since you Ruth turn'd *Annice*.

Arb. You are welcome, Sir: I cannot deny I shar'd in all your Danger.

Lieu. If she had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. Bl. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

Arb. Now can't I say I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too.

Ruth. Keep it in, and choke yourself, or get the Rising of the Lights. Arb. What shall I say?

Ruth. Say something, or he'll vanish.

C. Bl. D'ye not believe I love you? or can't you love me? Not a Word—Cou'd you—but—

Arb. No more; I'll save you the Labour of Courtship, which shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest Natures: It is enough; I know you love me.

C. Bl. Or may I perish whilst I am swearing it.

Enter Prentice.

Lieu. How now, Jack?

Boy. O Master, undone! Here's Mr. Day the Committee-man, and his fierce Wife come into the Shop: Mrs. Chat brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. Arbella and their Daughter Ruth is here: Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

Lieu.

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Lieu Go down, Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. [*Exit Boy.*] This pure Jade, my neighbour *Char*, has betray'd us; what shall I do? I warrant the Rascal has Soldiers at his Heels: I think I could help the Colonels out at a Back-door.

C. Bl. I'd die rather by my *Arbella*; now you shall see I love you.

C. Car. Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.

Ruth. Come, be chearful; I'll defend you all against the Assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-general *Day*, his new drawn-up Wife. Give me my Ammunition, the Papers, Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more Graves but one.

C. Bl. 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

Ruth. Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant. [*Exit Lieu.*] Stand you all drawn up as my Reserve—so—I for the forlorn Hope.

C. Car. Oh, that we had *Teg* here, to quarrel with the Female triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window. Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the she *Day* Stamp, among the Tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come, Wench: charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a Volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first Charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

C. Car. Wou'd 'twere his Neck broke.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Ah ha! my fine Runaways, have I found you? What, you think my Husband's Honour lives without Intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. Day. My Duck tells you how 'tis—We——

Mrs. Day. Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in Intelligence: else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation quiet; but if you, *Mrs. Arbella*, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return, with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth. *Anne*, if you please.

Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Who gave you that Name, pray?

Ruth. My Godfathers and Godmothers in Baptism; on, forsooth, I can answer a Leaf farther.

Mr. Day. Duck, good Duck, a Word; I do not like this Name, *Annice*.

Mrs. Day. You are ever in a Fright, with a shrivell'd Heart of your own. — Well, Gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of your Wardships: I hope Mr. *Abel* is well.

Mrs. Day. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

C. Car. That is, with *Myrmidons*: Come, good *Anne*, no more Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his Red-coats, who perhaps are now marching under the Conduct of that expert Captain in weighty Matters; know the Articles of our Treaty are only these: this *Arabella* will keep her Estate. and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman; and I *Anne* Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, and not *Ruth*, as has been thought, have taken my own Estate, together with this Gentleman, for better for worse: we were modest, though Thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. Day. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my Husband can prove; it may cost you your Necks, if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. Day. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one Word in private with my Father *Day*?

Mrs. Day. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, Sir! how long is't since you have practis'd Physic? [Takes him aside,

Mr. Day. Physic! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean Physic; look ye, here's a small Prescription of yours; d'ye know this Hand-writing?

Mr. Day. I am undone.

Ruth.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same Subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing Dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your Wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more Conscience than you have.

Mr. Day. Peace, good *Mrs. Anne*: I am undone if you betray me.

Enter Abel, goes to his Father.

Abel. The Soldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. Day. Are the Soldiers come, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your Opinion, Duck; but since they have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends.

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your *Is's* again? d'you think they shall make a Fool of me, though they make an Ass of you? Call 'em up. *Abel*, if they will not submit; call up the Soldiers, *Abel*.

Ruth. Why, your fierce Honour shall know the Business that makes the wise *Mr. Day* inclinable to Friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Sweetheart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your Credit and Reputation upon my Council and Labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe all to thy Wisdom. Good Gentlemen, persuade my Duck, that we may be all Friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the Husband of thy Bosom; 'twas but a small Start of Frailty: say it were a Wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have Sport. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. A Wench? was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the Soldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car.

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C. Car. Stay good *Abel*; march not off so hastily.

Arb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover you are in Bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a Step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, *Mrs. Day*, be not so furious, hold your Peace; you may divulge your Husband's Shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of Authority, nay and have him try'd for his Life: read this. Remember too I know of your Bribery and Cheating, and something else: you guess: Be Friends, and forgive one another. Now if you can contrive handsomly to cozen those that cozen all the World, and get these Gentlemen to come by their Estates easily, and without taking the Covenant, the old Sum of Five hundred Pound, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, *Mrs. Arbella*, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my Heart.

Ruth. Brother *Abel*, the Bird is flown; but you shall be released from your Bonds.

Abel. I bear my Afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg leaving Obadiab in a Halter, and a Musician.

Teg. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you *Mrs. Tay*? Well I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will,

C. Car. No, good *Teg*, there's no need of thy Message now; but why dost thou lead *Obadiab* thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you here, *Mrs. Tay*, here's your Man *Obadiab*, do you see that now? He would not let me make him drunk no more, that he would not; so, I did take him in this String, and I did tell him, if he did make Noises, I wou'd put this Knife into him, that I wou'd upon my Soul.

C. Bl. Honest *Teg*, thy Master is beholden to thee in some measure for his Liberty.

C. Car. Teg. I shall requite thy Honesty.

Teg. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now; who wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

Obad. I do beseech you, Gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

C. Car.

C. Car. No: poor *Teg*, 'tis enough; we are all Friends; come, let him go.

Teg. Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King, or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Soul.

C. Bl. Now, Mr. *Day*, to your Business; get it done as soon as you will, the Five hundred Pound shall be ready.

C. Car. So, well done, Friends; Thanks, honest *Teg*; thou shalt flourish in a new Livery for this. Now, Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. *Day*,

If you will have good Luck in every Thing,
Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

